

New Recruits

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Summary: Based during the Halo 2 era. My two Spartan OCs see new views and new secrets about the Covenant Human war as they are captured and held prisoners in High Charity

1. Chapter 1

This is my first ever Halo 2 based story! Please forgive me if I type something wrong. My brother is helping me. He's kind of an expert at this. It's in two views, the Covenant OC view, and the Spartan OC view. Enjoy and please feel free to review!

Chapter 1: The New Mission

Two new recruited Spartans crouch uncomfortably behind a large crate. Plasma bolts and grenades littered the air above them, showering the reinforcements just meters in front of them. The larger Spartan's armor was cobalt-ish blue. His name was Mark. He peeked his head to see what was happening in front of the crate, but a beam rifle shot barely missed his head. He quickly ducked back down.

"Wellâ€|how do you suppose we get out of this mess, Quick?" he asked the other Spartan. The other was smaller than him, her armor a dark steel color with a hint of white splotches. She held a sniper in her arms. Her nick name was Quick-Shot. She quickly glanced from the sides of her and saw a green beam of energy take out a Scorpion that was just barely trudging past them. The two covered themselves as a shower of metal and fire fell down on them. She snorted angrily as her first strategy wasn't going to work.

"And they just had to send them some Huntersâ€|" she mumbled as she braced herself against the metal crate. "Here's what we'll do, Mark. I'll take out as many Elites and Grunts as I can while you go out and 'tango' with them Hunters. Deal?" Mark nodded and they shook briefly. Then, at her signal, Mark charged out with a MA5C (a.k.a. Assault Rifle) and Quick-Shot station herself on top of a smoldering building. As Mark began to shoot at the Hunters to get their

attention, Elite and Grunt forces poured out from the other smashed buildings. She tried to keep them back with her sniper, but to her dismay, it really didn't help much. So, grabbing an enemy needler and dueling wielding it with a SMG, she charged out as a big Elite charged. They hit dead on. It wielded an energy sword. It roared and began trying to slice her to bits. During the fray, the blue Elite managed to hit Quick-Shot in the shoulder.

"All demons must die!" it yelled, digging the sword into her shoulder more. Red blood oozed from the crack in her MJOLNIR armor. Holding back a scream, she aimed her needler at its head and unloaded on it. The needles exploded, the bright pink plasma hitting her dead on. She staggered back a bit, her vision impaired for a minute. She didn't notice a Hunter come up from behind her. Too late she realized what it was doing. The large shield thwacked her, tossing her around like a rag doll. Her whole body hurt badly as this onslaught kept continuing. She then noticed that both hunters had decided to join in the game and she was thrown all over the place.

Before she could yell, "HELP MARK!", a Hunter hunched and fell. The other was too late to react as a blue blur hit it in the face.

THWAM! (crack) The sickening sound of the neck cracking was enough to tell her that Mark had done his job. Her whole body feeling as though it was broken, she inched her fingers towards her SMG. But, a hoof kicked it out of her reach. She slowly looked up and glared at the red Elite that was soaking up her pitiful battered body.

"I'm surprised that they didn't kill you during that process, Girl-Demon," it said, a smile spreading across its four mandibles. "But, I would love the honor of doing it myself, since you are already dead." It aimed a Plasma Rifle at her head. She watched as the blue plasma charged. Just as he was about to fire, a shower of bullets hit it. Purple blood splattered onto the ground and Quick. She slowly stood, wincing as her body ached from the Hunter's game. Mark trotted to the weary Spartan and slapped her on the shoulder.

"That was awesome, Quick!" he exclaimed. "I never would have thought some one could have survived that! You're gonna get attention from that." Quick wiped off the blood that smeared her visor.

"Well, I guess we'll have a story to tell when we get back to base," she said, limping along side of Mark as they made way to their awaiting Pelican.

A red armored Unggoy watched as the two demons walked away. His attention though was on the steel colored one. He had watched as the pair of Lekgolo attacked her. He thought she would have died, but his assumption was wrong. She still had gotten up, after the large Covenant unleashed their hate onto her metal covered flesh.

I must tell the Prophets of this, he thought as he ran off to his awaiting Covenant ship.

End of Chapter 1. Chapter to coming up.

Chapter 2: The Capture

The Unggoy, that was one of the forces sent to Earth (the one that saw the demons walking away), stood in front of the Prophets. Fear was across his face as he re-told his experience of the Demons, especially of the Girl-Demon's survival. After he had finished, the Prophets began to talk in hushed tones and the Council went into a dispute. The Prophet of Truth silenced them with a wave of his hand when he was done chit-chatting with his fellow Prophets.

"We are thankful that you have told us this, brave Unggoy," he said after they all calmed down. He then turned to the whole Council.

"This news means that these two Demons are new and are more powerful than the first Demons," he told them. "Killing them will not stop them from making more. I have decided that the only way of killing the others that come are capturing these two new ones and use the human's skill to make more powerful Covenant forces. Do you not all agree?" A cheer arose from the members, signaling that they were with the idea. Then Truth turned back to the Unggoy.

"Tell Commander Virka to go back to Earth and capture the two new Demons alive. Make sure he has enough forces to help aid him on this mission, Captain Guri," he told the red Unggoy. Guri bowed and scurried out to do his duty, the two guard Sangheili closing the door behind him.

Virka flipped his Plasma Rifle in his hands, checking for a malfunction before he took it out again to battle. His forces were resting around him. An Unggoy was snoring incredibly loud. He ignored this and turned his attention to a Spec. Op. Sangheili, who was leaning against a wall, back towards him. The armor of the Sangheili was black and silver, the usual colors for the rank. He made his way to the comrade, making sure not to wake his team. Once beside the other, he followed the gaze and saw what his friend was looking at.

The only window in the room showed the inhabitants of High Charity the sacred Halo, in which they were in processing to activate so to begin the Great Journey. He chuckled.

"It is quite beautiful, is it not?" he asked, startling the young Sangheili. The Spec. Op. spun and looked at him. To his surprise, as he looked too, he noticed that the other was in fact a female. She began to study him, her mandibles moving as she did. After finishing, she turned her attention back to the window.

"Well, in a way, yes," she said, her golden eyes reflecting some emotion that Virka could not pick up. "But, I have a deep feeling inside about itâ€|" She looked down at her hooves. She kicked the metal ground. She looked a little sheepish. Virka cleared his throat and straightened.

Time to change the subject, I guess, he thought. He looked out the window again.

"So, how did you end up here? Not many females are allowed here," he said. The female Sangheili sighed.

"Yeah, well, I was actually sent here to become some other brethren's wifeâ€¦but he was killed and I stayed here, earned my ranks, and lived to be who I am today," she told Virka. Virka noticed that the emotion he saw earlier was sadness. Something was wrong. Thinking the better of it, he did not push her to tell him about it.

Instead, he asked, "May I ask of your name?" The female nodded and turned to him.

"My full name is Froli L'cika Jussi, but I would rather prefer Jussi," she said, bowing. Virka smiled.

"And I am Graki Namo Virka, but my fellow forces call me Commander Virka," he said. Jussi smiled.

"And it would explain the golden armor that you wear now, eh, Commander Virka?" she asked playfullishly, turning and walking away from him. He stood there, staring at her as she walked off to a group of Unggoy. She was so beautiful. He praised the gods that they made Sangheili females as beautiful as Jussi was.

Some one tapping his knee snapped him to attention. He looked down and saw Captain Guri standing there, giving the commander a salute.

"The Prophets have a mission for you, Commander," he replied, putting his hand down. Virka nodded. The Unggoy relayed the mission to the commanding Sangheili. Virka jerked his head when he heard about capturing the two new Demons.

"But, that's suicide! They are smart and can get out of any trap, even if we have the smartest Sangheili and the strongest forces!" The commander began to pace. Guri followed him with his gaze.

"Well, there has to be a way to capture them," the captain Unggoy said aloud. Virka suddenly stopped. Something flickered in his mind.

"I have the perfect plan to capture them," he said. He awoke all his troops and sent messengers to other forces for reinforcements.

The whole camp was buzzing with the news of Quick-Shot's survival after the Hunter's rage. The Spartan couldn't go nowhere in the site and not be showered with awe and excitement. Mark had to aid her to Sergeant Johnson's tent. Johnson, amazingly, greeted the girl with a hug.

"You have some guts, kid," he said, giving Quick a final pat on the back. "I'm just happy that you didn't die and I would have to rely on just Mark and Master Chief all the time. It's good to have a woman on the Spartan team!" If Quick didn't have her helmet on, her face would be blushing red. From out of the shadows, Master Chief stepped out. He looked at both Spartans. Johnson grabbed Master Chief's shoulder and pointed to Quick.

"This Spartan should get a medal or somethingâ€¦getting' beaten up by Hunter's and surviving!" the sergeant said. Mark playfully socked Quick in the shoulder.

"She's always full of surprises, aren't ya Quick?" he said. Quick nodded quickly and saw Master Chief's hand extended to her.

"Congrats on that mission," he said in his low voice. Quick took his hand and shook.

"Couldn't have done it without my buddy Mark though," she said, releasing the famous Spartan's hand. "I would have been dead if he hadn't of shot that Elite that was gonna shoot me." Master Chief then looked to Mark, who waved sheepishly at him. Master Chief nodded.

"So I see," he said, looking to Johnson. "Got any news from Fox Team?" Johnson's face saddened a bit.

"Nothing, Chief," he replied, turning to a table and looking at a map of the city. "They were deported to the southern part of the city right here." He put his finger on a light brown patch of the city. The three Spartans gathered around the table and looked at the patch. "Something about multiple Covenant forces gathering there caused them to fall back. Then they just disappeared out of thin air." Quick and Mark looked at each other, then to Johnson.

"Why don't me and Quick go there and see what's wrong," Mark said, looking down at the patch. "We'll go in from this little sewer that goes through here." He put his finger on a black hole. "We'll pop in, fill them with lead, and then find Fox Team. I would think by now the news of Quick's miraculous survival would make them wet themselves." Johnson nodded and thought over Mark's proposal. Then, he finally looked at the two young Spartans.

"Alright, I'll supply you with a transport to your destination. Too risky for troops," he told them. Quick nodded and left the tent. Mark was going to follow her, but a hand on his shoulder stopped him. He turned and saw Master Chief standing there.

"You two be careful," he said. "Keep yourselves alive and keep Quick-Shot away from them. They might get ideas." Mark nodded and left them. Johnson walked and stood beside the large Spartan.

"You sure that was a smart idea to send those rookies out there?" Johnson asked, suddenly sounding a bit nervous. Master Chief sighed.

"I'm not sure, but we'll have to wait and see what happens before we judge," he told the sergeant.

Quick and Mark were both in the weapon tent, picking their guns and weapons. Quick-Shot was stocking up on fragment grenades when something crossed her mind.

"Why would Covenant attack the most deserted area of the city when

they know that there's nothing there to get or destroy?" she asked suddenly to nobody in particular. Mark just put an Assault Rifle in a holster on his back. He turned and looked at his fellow friend. He shrugged and loaded up on ammunition.

"Their stupid, Quick, mindless aliens who don't know how to do a good plan," he said, grabbing a Battle Rifle. "Their just seeking their death, which, of course, is us," he added, loading his rifle. Quick picked up a shotgun and a Sniper, her specialty. Mark looked oddly at her choice of weapons.

"Umâ€|we aren't goin' against Flood, you know," he said. Quick loaded her shotgun.

"Don't underestimate a woman with a shotgun," she said, finishing. "They're more dangerous than a man with a Rocket Launcher." She cocked her weapon.

Water trudged around them as they made there way through the sewer. A horrible smell engulfed them, the smell of slowly soaked corpses. Quick stepped over a top half of a marine. Mark almost tripped over a headless corpse. Their headlights bounced off the mold covered walls. Both had their weapons at ready, just in case of an ambush. A small stream of light signaled that they were nearing the end of the tunnel. The whole area was littered with dead bodies. Quick felt a bit nauseated.

Fox Team, she thought, crouching down and examining a Marine's corpse. Mark was also looking at a corpse. He kicked it. Quick saw his hand clench angrily. He looked out of the large opening. Suddenly, he pressed himself against a wall. He looked at Quick and motioned her to come over to him. Quick crouched and ran towards him. She went up against the opposite wall. She saw a Banshee fly in front of the opening. The passing about sucked her out. She waited till it disappeared before looking over the edge.

Only ten feet below, multiple Covenant enemies sent both their sensors haywire. They saw only Elites, Jackals, and Grunts covering the ground. There were two Wraths, at least a half of dozen of Ghosts, and four Banshees were patrolling the sky. Quick motioned Mark with her hands that they were going to slide down. Mark nodded and began to hook thick wires to loops in the wall. Quick turned on her long hearing and was trying to pick up what they were talking about, but the noises of the running vehicles were all she picked up.

Frustrated, she turned her attention to Mark. He was testing the wires to see if they were stable. He gave Quick thumbs up and dropped. Quick soon followed. They dropped quite loudly, causing a group of Grunts running.

"DEMONS!! DEMONS ARE HERE!!!!" they shrieked in their high-pitched voices. Mark aimed his Battle rifle at one and fired. Quick-Shot walked alongside of Mark, shooting down Jackals that got in their way. Suddenly, a blue plasma ball shot out at them. They ducked behind a Covenant supply crate. The explosion shook the crate. Mark looked at Quick, who was sniping from the top of the crate.

"Weren't we in this position before?" he asked, peaking out of the sides and shot down an Elite. Quick patted Mark's shoulder.

"Light 'em up, Mark!" she yelled over the shooting. Mark patted Quick's leg and disappeared. Quick continued her shooting. Then she noticed something odd.

They were retreating? She shook her head. Was she seeing things? Mark also saw it and stood there, bewildered. Something was up. Quick converted back to her shotgun and advanced towards the building that they had retreated into. They kicked open the doors and slowly went in. Mark noticed that the lights were shot out, and that the whole room was windowless. They were in a warehouse.

A scrape caused both Spartans to turn and raise their guns. Nothing was there. The door suddenly shut. Mark said something under his breath. Quick looked around. They were in complete darkness. They flicked on their lights. They looked around. Mark and Quick looked at each other. Mark twirled two fingers around three times and then pointed forward. Quick acknowledged his move and followed the Spartan through the darkness. Suddenly, the noise of an energy sword being drawn drew them towards their right. Quick saw something move out of the corner of her eye. She turned and shot. The pellets hit metal, causing a large spark. Mark grabbed her shoulder and dragged her towards him.

"What the heck were you thinking, Quick?" he hissed. Quick-Shot looked around, shotgun still raised. Suddenly, she shot again. Mark was going to yell at her, but a resounding thud told him different. The enemy had a plan after all. But what was it?

Something pressed up against his throat. Mark looked down and saw the bright glow of an energy sword. Quick turned and saw the faint line of an invisible Elite. She shot. The Elite fell. Mark took out his Assault Rifle.

"Invisibles," he whispered. Quick nodded. Suddenly, four green orbs appeared around them. They noticed too late when some one pulled their guns out of their hands and swords went around their necks. A bright light filled the room, showing the two Spartans what they were missing. Four Hunters surrounded them. Elites turned off their invisibilities and roared in triumph. Grunts cheered. The Hunters laughed. Quick struggled in her captor's arms.

A golden Elite came out from behind the Hunters, a look of happiness in his eyes. Mark growled and tried to sock the Elite behind him. Quick glared at the commanding Elite. He smiled evilly at them.

"Mindless, eh?" he said. Then he motioned to the Elites. "Tie them up."

So long anyway. OH NO! They're captured! What'll happen next?

End
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